High Lights and Shadows on News of the Screen

'The Golem' Surrendered to Americans by Germans Without Cost of Indemnity.

By FRANK VREELAND.

NOT the least astonishing detail about "The Golem," now eating up records at the Criterion, is the fact, just unearthed, that this German film was surrendered to America without a cent of indemnity being paid for it. It was thrown in gratis with a large batch of other Teutonic films gathered to the bosom of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, presumably on condition that the American company pay for carting it away, and since its inauguration the profits of the picture have been as good as a gift.

On the strength of the film's success here contracts have already been made for its distribution in the rest of the country that will make Famous Players happier by some $250,000. Doubts have been expressed as to the appeal which this film of Jewish persecution might have in other cities with non-Jewish communities, but a ray of hope has been descried in the nationwide success of "Humoresque," which has now been put into the selling plater class by the Man o' War stride of "The Golem."

Moreover, it has been observed that the children are fascinated by it and cannot be dragged away even to a soda fountain, clamoring to be allowed to remain and wriggle with exquisite terror at sight of "that gi'nt." And children are said to be prevalent in the hinterland. At any rate, regardless of its success "on the road," Famous Players will get the money that the contracts with the exhibitors specify regardless of whether the small exhibitor has to offer licorice sticks to entice persons in from the street.

It was expected that the picture, without having been released elsewhere in the vicinity, would remain wedged in the Criterion all winter, which would give the heavy brigade of film reviewers an opportunity to relax their grim countenances a little. But the news has just run like wildfire along the Rialto that New Brunswick, N. J., is to prostrate itself before the film in about a week, and as this town feeds Philadelphia and other large centres to the south the run at the Criterion may be crippled.

A long run at the Criterion, by the way, while advantageous to the picture concerned, is often a blow for some other photoplay. Exhibitors who have heard of the twelve week revel of "Humoresque" have been offered other pictures which were quite attractive but stood the gaff for only two weeks at the Criterion, and have decided that these films couldn't have any good red meat in them since they weren't other "Humoresques."

Gossip has it that Betty Blythe, having just begun to experience the sensation of holding the world in the hollow of her hand through her work in "The Queen of Sheba" and other recent film productions, has decided to retire, having done about all she could for the movies. Miss Blythe was in town a few days ago, but couldn't be reached—maybe she was trying on a new rope of pearls in which she is to be costumed in her final picture—to nail this report wherever it belongs. A husband and child are said to lurk somewhere in the background, and there is also the glamour of lemon ranching in California—but maybe Miss Blythe's withdrawal from this mad world is due to the fact that she'd like to enjoy the variety of wearing a few clothes.

Before Charlie Chaplin flitted abroad to get Europe in a proper frame of mind to receive Mary and Doug he paid a compliment to Bebe Daniels, that was all the more gracious because this testimonial was absolutely unsolicited.

"I'm not fond," he said frankly, "of a lot of the young women who are now swarming into the movies. When I know I'm going to be introduced to one I feel like wilting into the background. But Bebe Daniels is very unusual. She has ideas and a personality—she's interesting to talk to, while the others aren't often interesting even when they're silent."

"It's odd that she doesn't always seem successful in projecting that personality on the screen," some one suggested, who appeared to have seen much and suffered.

"It is," rejoined Chaplin, "but that doesn't alter the fact that she is several solar systems away from the common conception of a movie star."

But no, Chaplin isn't going to marry Bebe.

French films are now seeking to turn the tide of American pictures washing over to Europe. "Mother Earth" is one of those which will be uncovered here, and in the process of adapting it to the American climate Edward Penfield is spreading art over the titles.

Penfield's position as a poster artist should be a guarantee of the quality of his sub-title drawings, but no matter how excellent they are, one would bet last year's hat, if one weren't going to wear it again soon, that they will distract the attention from "Mother Earth" and, so to speak, fall to the ground. The trick of laying on atmosphere in the titles with a brush often spatters the written words badly. Audiences have their eyes full, as it is, trying to grapple with the captions alone, while some one in the next seat is loudly mispronouncing them.

The best illustrated titles that come to mind are those of several Christie comedies, and they serve their purpose because they are drawn in a few simple, swift lines, like a child's caricatures on a blackboard, with no nonsense about art in them. Fish, cartoonist of *Vanity Fair*, tried livening up the captions in a recent film comedy in the same style, but her treatment was too consciously neat and elaborate—treat 'em rough should have been her motto. Prizma is experimenting with sub-titles in which the words won't be aggravated by pictures, but various tones of color will be placed on the background, and maybe this will be enough to remove the current poison from the system.

S. L. Rothafel, who came to the Capitol a little over a year ago, is having diplomatic parleys at present with the management of that house concerning his next year's contract, but so far no announcement has been made as to whether the final signature has been lowered into place. Some discussion has arisen, it is said, as to whether he will be awarded the bonus which was to be given to him in case he raised the weekly population of the huge theatre, and there is also a question as to whether the contract will tie his coattails to a desk at the Capitol for one year or a longer period. It is generally expected that Rothafel will be commissioned to hang around the place again, as his excellent showmanship has raised the attendance at the house well above the horizon, and so spread the Capitol's fame that persons actually know which subway station it is near.

Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Jungle Adventures" Film Features

Miss Lillian Gish and Lowell Sherman in "Way Down East" Strand Theatre.

'The Affairs of Anatol,' Another Play to Reach the Screen.

MARY PICKFORD'S latest screen effort, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a photoplay version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story, will start an indefinite run at the Apollo Theatre next Thursday evening. She has a dual role, that of *Cedric Errol (Little Lord Fauntleroy)* and *Dearest* (his mother).

The scenario is by Bernard McConville, and the direction by Jack Pickford and Alfred E. Green. In the supporting cast are Claude Gillingwater, Colin Kenny, Joseph J. Dowling, Kate Price, Fred Malatesta and James A. Marcus.

Joseph Plunkett of the Strand is in charge of the presentation. Despite the fact that on the opening date at the Apollo, which is located right next door to the Lyric, where "The Three Musketeers," starring Douglas Fairbanks, is holding full sway, "Doug." and Mary will automatically become professional rivals. They will occupy a box on the first night.

Cecil B. DeMille's production, "The Affairs of Anatol," will be shown simultaneously at the Rivoli and Rialto beginning to-day. It is the first time that Hugo Riesenfeld has tried the experiment of showing the same picture in his two big Broadway houses at the same time. Jeanie Macpherson wrote the scenario, based on Arthur Schnitzler's play. She had the literary assistance of Beulah Marie Dix and Elmer Harris.

Paul Iribe, French illustrator and designer, designed the sets. Wallace Reid has the role of *Anatol*, the young husband, upon whom too much love at home begins to pall and who finds a new attraction in each new pretty face—a young man in love with love. Gloria Swanson plays the wife. Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, and Bebe Daniels play the sirens who lure *Anatol*. The other stars include Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, Theodore Kosloff, Julia Faye, Raymond Hatton, Monte Blue and Polly Moran. The supporting cast includes Charles Ogle, Winter Hall, Lucien Littlefield, Zelma Maja, Shannon Day, Elinor Glyn, Lady Parker, wife of Sir Gilbert Parker; William Boyd, Maud Wayne, Fred Huntley and Alma Bennett. A Tony Sarg Almanac Cartoon entitled "Firemen Save My Child," will supply additional comedy for the programmes at both the Rivoli and Rialto.

S. L. Rothafel will present at the Capitol a novelty in Martin Johnson's "Jungle Adventures." It unfolds the story of a year's strange journey of two intrepid adventurers, Mr. Johnson and his wife, into the heart of Borneo, a peril filled country rarely visited by white men. Laughs will be supplied by Harold Lloyd's latest comedy, "I Do," a satire of married life. "The Runaway Train" comes back next week for a third presentation. There is a Pathe travel picture in natural colors of "The Canals of Venice."

D. W. Griffith's screen version of "Way Down East" will be at the Strand, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess in the leading roles. The usual features will be suspended because of the length of the film.

"No Woman Knows," the screen version of Edna Ferber's novel "Fanny Herself," which is being shown at the Central Theatre, will be continued for another week. It will be followed by a production starring Marie Prevost.

With its first performance to-day "The Golem" breaks the record established by "Humoresque" at the Criterion last summer. It makes the thirteenth week at that house, the longest consecutive run ever enjoyed by a motion picture in a "continuous"—six shows a day—theatre.

"Footfalls," William Fox's latest photo play, enters on its second week at the Park.

"The Three Musketeers," a re-titled version of "D'Artagnan," the film produced by Thomas H. Ince a number of years ago, will be presented at the Manhattan Opera House for two weeks, commencing to-morrow, and showing twice daily. This is not the Fairbanks version of Alexandre Dumas's novel. In the cast are Orrin Johnson, Dorothy Dalton, Louise Glaum, Walt Whitman and Rhea Mitchell. Members of the Rialto orchestra, who walked out a month ago in the general strike of musicians, will furnish the accompaniment.

Music Programmes In Screen Theatres

A new stage setting offering new scenic and lighting effects supplies a background for the musical programme at the Capitol Theatre this week. The orchestra of eighty-five recruited last week will open the bill with the "Faust Fantasy," conducted by Erno Rapee. Arthur Hackett, concert tenor, will make his first appearance in a motion picture theatre. Another ballet will be staged by Alexander Oumansk in the "Dance of the Hours," by Ponchielli. The solo dancers will be Mlle Gambarelli, Doris Niles, Thalia Zanou and Oumansky. The Capitol mixed quartet will sing the "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman."

While the same picture will be shown at the Rivoli and the Rialto the musical programme will be different. At the Rivoli an "Extravaganza," with Koriloff's Balalaika orchestra, will be the principal number. George Richardson, barytone; the Rivoli chorus, Vera Myers, Grace Eastman and Paul Oscard, dancers, will take part in a number which has been prepared by Josiah Zuro and for which special settings have been made. The principal offering will be "The Song of the Volga Boatmen." Other Russian bits will be offered by the orchestra, singers and dancers. Later in the programme Marye Berne, soprano, will sing Bishop's "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark."

At the Rialto the Balalaika orchestra also appears, but here the number will be in the form of an overture with the chorus assisting. "Love's Garden of Roses" will be sung by Mary Fabian, soprano, with a violin obbligato by Willy Stahl. Marcel Salesco, barytone, will sing the "Drinking Song" from Thomas's "Hamlet."

Comedian Gives View Of Serious Englishman

Lawrence Grossmith, English comedian who plays Edmund Quilter, the English novelist in Cosmo Hamilton's play "The Silver Fox" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, has a great deal to say by way of explanation and justification for the sort of young Englishman he portrays.

"I am sure," says Mr. Grossmith, the other day "that most Americans think the type of Englishman I play is a silly ass, with a superficial veneer of culture, and little brains. I must correct that impression if I can, by exposing some of the mechanism that works his conduct. I think I can do this because I know him very well, I understand the mainsprings of his actions, and I respect them.

"So much has been said about an Englishman's natural reticence, the repression of his emotions, and his avoidance, with a sort of horror, of anything natural, that I'll leave those things alone, and confine myself to the sort of cultured Briton I interpret in the play. He appears to be silly, first because he is frank about what he does not understand, and second, he betrays no interest in them, when he has admitted it.

"This man 'Quilter' is a writer of popular novels. There are any number of complexities in the female constitution that he doesn't understand, and that no one else, not even women, understand. And he knows that if he tried to understand these things, and succeeded, and put them into his books, the public would brand them as spurious at once, first, because they do understand these things themselves, and secondly because his public do not want lire as it actually is, but as it ought to be. One of the reasons his public reads him is to get away from the hardness of actuality; and if he serves it up to them in his books, they will refuse to read him.

"So there you have it. The things he could not understand used to bother him simply because he could not understand them; but when he was convinced that he could not, instead of worrying about them, he refused to recognize their existence on earth. And the result was that he attained to a sort of simple happiness. Which I again say, instead of being silliness, strikes me as being a piece of the utmost wisdom."

FEATURES AT HIPPODROME.

The new Hippodrome production, "Get Together," begins its second full week at the big playhouse to-morrow. The Fokine-Fokina ballet, "The Thunder Bird"; Charlotte in her ice ballet, "The Red Shoes"; Bert Levy, cartoonist; the Three Bobs from Belgium with their wonderful crow, the Kaethe from Holland, Ferry Corwey, Austrian musical clown; Moron, the French clown; Marceline, the Hippodrome clown, and Powers's elephants are features. For devotees of motion pictures there is Clyde Cook's comedy, "The Toreador."

WALTER BECKWITH TELLS HOW LIONS IN 'TARZAN' WERE TRAINED

Man Who Makes Friends With Wild Beasts Started Out to Be a Minstrel—Had One Narrow Escape.

When Walter Beckwith, trainer of Jim, the lion, and Beauty, the lioness, in the play "Tarzan of the Apes," made his debut in the Cleveland minstrels thirty years ago as an acrobat apprentice he had little thought of ever entering the serious business of mastering wild beasts, but so was the book of life written for him, and here is how it happened:

After his apprenticeship with the minstrels, Beckwith, in search of employment and having become a fancy diver and swimmer—as monw of his family are—went to Paris, where he did a high dive as part of a spectacle called "The Battle of Santiago" at Porte Neuilly. An accident broke both his knees, and Beckwith decided to give up his hazardous occupation.

He came to America and secured a post as ticket seller for an animal show which was playing tent stands. He always loved dumb animals and soon became interested in the wild beasts of this show and on the side became an assistant trainer. One of the stunts was to sell tickets while seated in a cage of lions. From thenceforth wild beasts became an obsession with him, and he saved enough money from his earnings to purchase an interest in the show, and finally bought out the owner.

"The success any one achieves in making lions or any other wild beasts do the master's bidding," said Beckwith, "is one's ability to 'feel out' the disposition of the animal. The trainer must mark well the high light characteristics of his pet, no matter how wild or untamed the animal may be, and not try to force the beast to do something for which he shows no aptitude. I am never overbearing, but I show the beast in many ways that I must be the master, not he. He must learn to do my bidding. It takes patience—long and tedious hours of repetition of each idea I wish carried out, but in the end any animal, if his characteristics are worked on, will perform at the will of the trainer. In fact, any one can be an animal trainer if he has the patience, kindness for his pets, a love for animals and knows no fear of his charges.

"I've often read and heard that a lion has been cowed and brought under control by gazing deeply into his eyes without a tremor. That, to my mind, is simply fiction.

"Just as it is with making a puppy dog sit up and beg for a choice morsel of food, so it is with wild animals. I mean that the first thing necessary is to get the animal's confidence. However, the lion, in my own case, when I first take him to be trained, must obey me. If he obeys me he gets a tidbit and a kind word. If he misbehaves he gets a touch of the whip and a cross word. The whip serves not to hurt him, but to remind him the person with the whip is the master. With the constant repetition of the command I wish my lion to carry out, the idea finally is conveyed to the animal and he does it to the best of his ability, and with constant practice he is able finally to do it perfectly.

"As a case in point, suppose I want a lion to place his paw on top of a cask or barrel. I take the whip—I use a two foot long carriage or ordinary buggy whip—and touch his right foot two or three times, following it with touching the top of the cask, repeating the word 'up.' The lion finally gets the idea and places his right foot where I want it placed. Then I repeat the operation with the left foot. When he is thus standing erect with two feet on the cask and two on the ground I give him a morsel of food and a kind world. When he is perfectly familiar with this piece of business I go on to the next, and so on, ad infinitum.

"A trainer must understand the moods of his animals. And wild animals are extremely changeable. But close association and study of the idiosyncrasies of beasts will show a trainer immediately in what mood a lion is in when he comes near him, and he must govern himself accordingly.

"The nearest I ever was to injury in my work was in a scene from a play called 'Capital Punishment.' It was supposed to be the punishment meted out by the Romans to the Christians when the latter were thrown into a den of lions.

"I was made up as a Christian—long flowing hair, beard and a long robe. As the scene was 'set,' I was to be thrown in the lion's den, and Jim, our friend of the Tarzan play, was to leap at me and bear me to earth, then the other lions were to jump on me and 'devour' me.

"On the night in question the scene was set. Jim leaped at me and bore me to earth. The other lions entered the den on the run and pounced on me.

"I was pretty well scratched and clawed and lacerated about the face, head and legs, and I still carry the scars, but it's all in a day's work, and I was ready for the scene the next night."